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ABSTRACT

The writings collected in these two journal issues are by adult literacy students at varying levels of writing and language skills. Most of the writings are in English, however, some are in Spanish, and some of the writings written in English are by non-native English-speakers. The writings take the form of poems, personal narratives, and dialogue. In the first issue, the 31 entries are presented in three sections dealing with: (1) the dream of emigration to and resettlement in the United States; (2) experiences with illness, death, and drugs, and (3) women's struggles and triumphs. In the second issue, 36 writings are in five sections, including: (1) work; (2) women of tolerance and strength; (3) determination; (4) leaving the homeland; and (5) childhood. Each issue contains notes on contributors. (MSE) (Adjunct ERIC Clearinghouse on Literacy Education)

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NEED I SAY MORE

A literary magazine of adult student writings

Volume One, Number One
Spring 1988

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PREFACE

These writings portray the honest efforts of authors to tell their stories in vivid images and descriptions that are refreshing, stimulating, and educating. This has always been the nature of creativity: struggling to tell a personal story as sincerely as his or her skills can afford. The authors included in this volume are no exception.

The works included in this publication reflect the vibrancy, immediacy, and variety of skill levels of adult literacy students. Some of these stories are written in English that might not be accepted as "standard English." Many reflect experiences with which the reader can easily identify. In the words of Mary Jo Hetzel of Jackson/Mann Community School (Allston/Brighton), "This project has been a breath of fresh air. . .It has effectively awakened students' interest in writing at all levels of ability. It has stimulated teachers to enliven the program and motivated all of us to approach the challenge of teaching writing in more creative ways than before."

It is our sincere hope that these pieces will give our readers the same feeling of excitement and inspiration. As you read this volume, leave yourself in the hands of these authors, and let them lead you to an undiscovered world peopled with characters you know but probably have not seen in the same light as they are presented to you in these writings.

The Editorial Committee

PART I

THE BIG DREAM WAS ALWAYS ALIVE

THE BIG DREAM WAS ALWAYS ALIVE

By Antonio Brum

My grandmother immigrated to the United States of America in 1978. Two years after she came to Somerville, she wrote my mother a letter making an invitation to me to come live with her in the United States.

When my mother received the letter and read it to me, I got so happy that I could not explain what I felt in that moment. I told my mother I wanted to go live with my grandmother because my friends who came from there told me how good it was. My mother really thought that it would be a good idea, but she had to talk with my father. She told my father and he said I was too young to go away from my parents. My mother told my father, "It is a great opportunity for him to go over there and his future is not as great in Portugal as it would be in the United States." My father said, "He is only ten years old, still too young." My mother came to me and said, "Your father said no because you are still too young to go away from us." I said, "Mom, I am not going to live alone. I am going to live with my grandmother. Over in Somerville I will have more opportunities than I have here, such as better education." "Tony," she said, "your father said no and that is it." I went to my room and I started crying. A week later my mother wrote my grandmother saying that I was not going to live with her because I was too young to go away from my parents.

A month later my mother received a letter from my grandmother saying that she did not understand why I was too young because I was going to go live with her, and she would take care of me. I asked my mother again and she said, "Tony, wait until next year. See how things go and then we will talk about this again." Six months later when I was twelve years old, my father got sick with cancer of the stomach and a month later he died. After my father died, I did not talk with my mother about my immigration because I was not going to leave my mother alone.

A month later, my uncle, who had been living in the United States for twenty years, wrote us asking if we wanted to live with his family. My mother asked me and my twin brother and sister if we wanted to live with our uncle. We said "yes" because life in Portugal was getting too difficult for us. My mother agreed with us and we wrote him saying that we

wanted to go live with him. He wrote us back and sent the papers. When my mother received the papers, we sent them to the American Consulate. A week later we received a letter from the consul saying that the application was approved.

Five years later, when I was eighteen years old, we received the papers to immigrate to the United States. We got here on January the 10th of 1986, and here we are with the big dream realized.

"IN GOD WE TRUST"?

By Etienne Gaston

Here, in the U.S., I have no problems. I'm living with my father who has no time to help me even to visit Boston. However, I have some friends who can help me assist mass, but I like to assist mass on Saturday evening and I like to assist mass in that church because I feel better each time I go there. With pleasure, I hear the Harmonium's sound in that basilica and God's songs or church's songs in English.

I feel better when I am alone in church, where nobody knows me. I want to stay alone when I pray to God and when I am in church, I don't want anybody to disturb me.

That's the right that I have going to church already alone. I am an adventurer. I like to visit and assist American mass at other religious places.

On the U.S. money, we see:

"In God we trust."

I wonder, are American people really believing in God?

Because in the church as: Baptist, Adventist, Pentecostal, Church of God, Catholic, Jehovah or Yawei, we have already seen a very few people who are in majority strangers, not American. I wonder, when the first American money came to the world, if we could see on it instead:

"In this God we trust."

American money = God

It's my own point of view, how we consider the capitalist society where people have no time to assist mass, to celebrate the holy week, even the holy Thursday and Friday.

I wonder, where is the American God? In the American Constitution, there is an article about that, that the President of the U.S. must be a Christian. It's false when we consider the Nicaraguan war, Panama, Vietnam, Reagan sending 3,500 U.S. troops to Honduras, why? They sold arms in Iran and Pourtant:

"In God we trust."

Reagan already says: "God bless you." Why?

FASHION DESIGN

By Haig S. Babaian

My name is Haig Babaian. I am twenty-seven years old. I was born in Brighton, MA. I would like to be a fashion designer one day. It all started on October 22 in Monterey, California. I wanted something different for my birthday and it happened to be a spander suit.

Deborah Dominick, my wife to be, was going to make it for me and I wanted to pick out the colors. They were yellow, purple and blue. Deborah decided on a wonderful design but I did not know how good it would be. When it was done it was unbelievable. I was so happy!

I was so fascinated with it I decided to make a better design for myself. The first one was a Hawaiian tree print. My next suit was an unusual design. It had lightning bolts down the legs and the colors were blue and red. Then I began to expand my talents and made a corduroy two piece suit. I like creating new designs because it is a sense of accomplishment to me and makes me feel good too. I also like to do other things such as cooking, mechanics, and playing piano, wood working, and biking. One day I will have achieved my goal as a fashion designer.

CHRISTMAS

By Pat White

Of all the Christmases I can remember, this Christmas will be the one I will remember. It will be the first time I will address the cards and mail them off myself, and when I get some returns, this time I will read them, something I could not do before. I would like to thank the teachers at the ALP for this.

CHRISTMAS

By Thom Scrooge

It is my opinion that Christmastime is the worst time of the year unless you are in a business of your own. Go out and buy a tree – 35 to 45 dollars. Go out and buy a pair of sneakers. The same 35 to 45 dollars no matter what you want. Today you will go broke, so tell those little brats the truth about that old fat man and save your money and be happy and just tell them hum bug.

P.S. While you are at it, tell them about that Tooth Fairy.

P.P.S. It cost me $1,500 this time.

HAY UN ALGO

By Angel Pagan

I was singing a beautiful song a few days before St. Valentine Day. This was in my teacher's house. The song I was singing talked about a beautiful feeling we have inside us. The title of this song is "Hay un algo." Something beautiful that each one of us has. That something is big like a sky, beautiful like a sea. Many times we need to explore ourselves to discover what is that something. Many times we dream and wake up with this feeling, but one day we find that something that we dream and wake up to and we understand that it is infinite, bigger than all, because that something is.....

L O V E .

WHO AM I

By Zona Johnson

Who am I, I'm black I know
I see it, I hear it, it even shows
But nobody knows who I really am
Because they just don't give a damn

They gave us names
John, Peter, and Sam
But that's not our names
Do you know who I am

I go unnoticed like the night
But daylight's coming and the problem's back
But why are you so scared of me
I did you no harm like you did me

I was carried to the shore on a great big
ship called Jesus written on its tip
Commanded by Sir John Hawkins 1555
And hardly a slave was left alive

There is pain in my heart
And fury in my mind
My body can no longer endure this pain inside

So please God calm this wrath I feel
Because everyone knows it isn't right to steal.

PAIN, PAIN, AND MORE PAIN

By Zona Johnson

Why is this pain so deep in me
Like the indians felt at wounded knee
Could it be we had a common cause
Or should I stop to think and pause

We both loved the great outdoors
Until it was taken by the boars
They raped our land and our people
Then they tried to teach us at their steeple

They taught us well I must agree
With God's own words they didn't set me free
Where is this key to open the door
Or must I go on forever more

They taught us self hate and that's the reason
Everything in its own time has a season

I'VE TRAVELLED THIS ROAD BEFORE

By Zona Johnson

I've travelled this road before
Four hundred years or more
You brought me to this desecrated shore
On a ship I thought was Noah

I seek only justice and peace of mind
And now I feel you're running out of time
So give me these things I ask of you
Because your downfall is near in view

I've always been in the shadow of man
And now it's time to make a stand
For equal rights and equality
Give me these things and set me free

So give us just a piece of this land
So I can make another stand
And protect this land I call my own
Because you worked me to the bone

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GO

By David Jennings

It is nice to take a cruise.
I was recommended by a friend to take a cruise.
The food is great.
The weather is hot.
I sat at a table for 6.
I met a mother and son.
I went to a midnight buffet.
I wore a tuxedo.
I went to a cocktail party.
I played shuffleboard on deck.
I was listening to a steel band by the pool
while having a pina colada.
I was listening to the M.C.
I was shopping on the island.
I bought some jewelry.
I saw a tree uprooted.
The man showed us how he did the ice sculpture.
The man was only 22 years old.

RECUERDO DE LO QUE FUE

Por Ruth Loran Amador

Arbol de tronco fuerte,
en el pasado deslumbroso,
Lojas en el suelo tienes,
señal de maños criminales.

Con el pasar del tiempo,
solo recuerdos dejas,
Lojas en el suelo tienes,
para en ellas caminar.

Alegría a tu alrededor,
sombras en tu interior;
raíces sembradas,
señal de vida.

Morirá tu físico
más tu recuerdo perdura;
atraves del tiempo,
creceras mas bello.

EL ÁRBOL MUERTO

Por Angel Pagan

Solo queda el tronco de un gran árbol. Sus raíces penetradas en la tierra de donde fue derribado.

Seco y hueco ha quedado con el paso de los tiempos lo rodean secas hojas arrastradas por el viento.

El leñador lo ha cortado para sacarlo del medio. También de él tomó leña para cocer su alimento.

De él hizo fuego para calentar su cuerpo frente a la chimenea en el tiempo del invierno.

Ya todo ésto ha pasado y en un silencio sereno ha quedado abandonado el tronco de un árbol muerto.

STAR LIGHT

By Henry Graves

Star light and stars sparkling bright
For the sisters and brothers who roam the streets at night
I pray to God to set things right
As they roam by the moon light.

LOUISE

By Henry Graves

Big beautiful eye
Looking up at me
Was a sunflower.

PART II

I HOPED IT WAS JUST A BAD MOMENT

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH DEATH

By Wilfredo Rodriguez

The year was 1974 in my home town, Utuado, Puerto Rico. I remember I was playing a game of pool with my friend. It was about 9:30 that night when we saw a kid running down the streets. We didn't pay any attention to it. No one at the corner store did anyways. About five minutes later that same kid that was running came back to the store. He was scared and was asking have you seen my sister?

No one did. He ran back out to the street, it wasn't ten minutes after he went out when we saw him walking by. That night was dark. No moonlight. My friend and I kept our game going–it was interesting to us. Then I asked him what do you think is going on out there? He only shook his head and said he wanted to find out; and so we did.

Tony and I walked to the place we used to call wolf mouth because of the darkness of the place. As we were walking we heard loud voices from a man and a woman. Then we ran over. We used to love fights. We got there a little bit late. William had already killed his wife with a knife going right through her heart. It was unbelievable! I could not believe what I had seen. She was only 18 years old. He was 22 and always drunk. She was a sweet girl, never lost in troubles, a good housewife. Tony and I ran back to the store and told them what just happened out on the street.

The owner called the police and told them that someone had just been killed. The police took about one hour to get to the site of the scene.

William had run away and hid over at his mother's house under his bed. The police went there and brought him out. Then to jail. Tony and I, and the victim's brother, were witnesses to that murder.

On the place where she was killed her family has put a cross with her name and date of her death. No one ever knew why he killed her. My question always was why? We all knew her. My sister grew up with her. Every time we walk by we always stop and look and remember what happened that night. The first time I saw someone being killed in cold blood. I know I will never forget it. It was something I didn't want to see.

HABLAR MUCHO MAS DEL SIDA

Por Genoveva Galarza

Aqui en Mujeres Unidas
siempre tenemos un tema
y este mes aun nos queda
hablar mucho más del SIDA

Es un tema sobre la vida
y es una gran preocupación
y estámos en unión
aprendiendo sobre el SIDA

Escucha amiga mía
este problema del montón
más si usas un condón
más facil sera tu vida

Esto es una protección
para ti y tu compañero
pues tu vida es lo primero
y de eso no hay discusión

Los adictos por la inyección
acortan mas sus vidas
con el problema del SIDA
para ellos no hay solución

Un poco de comprensión
y saber como hablarles
podria ser la base
para dejar la adicción

Es un problema de todos
busca más información
asi tendras más noción
no tendras la mente ída
y recuerda que del SIDA
prevención es la solución

English Translation of
Hablar Mucho Mas del SIDA

TALKING ABOUT AIDS

By Genoveva Galarza

Here at Mujeres Unidas
we always have a theme
and this month we still
have a lot to say about AIDS

It's a theme about life
and it's a great concern
so we are united
learning about AIDS

Listen my friend
about this problem for many
if you use a condom
the easier your life will be

This is a protection
for you and your partner
your life is what is important
and about that, there is no question

Drug addicts, by using needles
shorten their lives more–
with the problem of AIDS
for them there is no solution

A little understanding
and knowing how to talk with them
could be the beginning
for them to overcome addiction

This is a problem for all of us
Look for more information
that way you'll have the knowledge
and you won't forget
remember that with AIDS
prevention is the solution

PENSANDO EN EL AIDS

Por Delfina Rentas

Ahora con este virus
Igual que una maldición
Debemos sentirnos seguras
si actuamos con precaución

Ten cuidado amigo mio
si no te quieres contagiar
con la enfermedad del Sida
que es una escolla moral

Si quieres estar segura
intenta usar el condón
Dale información a tus hijos
acerca de esta infección

Ayer en la clase de Inglés
informaron en Mujeres Unidas
de como debemos actuar
si contraemos el Sida

Si quieres estar informada
investiga en Mujeres Unidas
donde tienen información
acerca de la Immuno Deficiencia Adquirida

Al llegar al hospital
insegura y muy nerviosa
dejando atrás a mis hijos
sin poder hacer otra cosa

Qué tristeza compañeras
hablar de esta enfermedad
pero más triste es verlos morir
y tener que lamentar

Instruye y habla a tus hijos
acerca de esta enfermedad
y asi estarán seguros
que se deben de cuidar

English Summary–

In this poem Delfina Rentas put her thoughts in writing regarding how this deadly disease is affecting her community, the future generations and family relations. She believes that parents should start talking to their kids about protection and they should begin to inform them about AIDS, because it is harder to see them die due to the lack of knowledge and negligence. She considers that mothers are an instrument of education to battle this disease. She is grateful that through the AIDS educational month at Mujeres Unidas she learned about AIDS and now she is able to pass the information along to her children and family. In one stanza Delfina writes:

"Instruct and talk to your children
about this disease
so they themselves will assuredly know
that they have to take care."

MI HERMANA

Por Mujeres Unidas en Accion

Yolanda: Hermana madura, conservadora, una alumna de Mujeres.
Laura: Hermana joven, independiente, estudia y trabaja.
Zenaida: Amiga de Yolanda. (La chismosa. Es tambien una alumna de MUA.)

I.

Zenaida: Hola.
Yolanda: Hola. ¿Dónde vas tan temprano?
Z: Yo quiero hablarte acerca de tu hermana. Anoche ella llegó muy tarde a la casa.
Y: Yo lo sé. Todo el mundo lo sabe.
Z: Yo la ví porque mi bebé se levantó a las 3 de la mañana. Ella vino con un hombre diferente al de la semana pasada.
Y: ¿Quien éra? ¿Viste el color del carro? ¿Tú lo viste a él?
Z: La semana pasada era un hombre blanco. Y el de anoche era un hombre de piel obscura. Ten cuidado con tu hermana, habla con ella acerca del SIDA. Recuerda lo que nosotras aprendimos en MUA.

II.

L: ¿Quieres una taza de café?
Y: Si, claro.
L: Llegué tan tarde anoche. Estoy cansadísima.
Y: Si. Lo sé. ¿Dónde estuviste anoche?
L: Fui a bailar. Salí con unos amigos. Luego fuimos a pasear.
Y: Yo estoy preocupada por el tipo de vida que estás llevando.
L: Es mi vida. Yo quiero vivirla de esa manera. Yo soy suficientemente mayor.
Y: Muy bien. Es tu vida. Tú puedes vivirla de la manera que quieras. ¿Pero tú sabes cómo protegerte del SIDA?
L: ¿Qué te hace pensar que yo vaya a agarrar (coger) SIDA? Esta enfermedad es solo de los homosexuales.
Y: Tú estás equivocada. La realidad es que cualquiera en nuestra comunidad pudiera estar en peligro de coger el SIDA.
L: ¿Qué estas tú diciendo? ¿Que yo soy una prostituta?
Y: Dejame hacerte una pregunta. ¿Tú sabes algo de las vidas de esos hombres con los que tú sales?
L: Todo lo que yo se es que ellos tienen dinero. Yo puedo divertirme con ellos, ir a lugares caros con ellos.

Y: El dinero, los carros, la vanidad. No son cosas importantes. Lo importante es tu vida.
L: Muy bien. Yo lo pensaré. Tengo que alistarme, tengo que ir a la escuela.

III.

Z: Ya hablaste con tu hermana.
Y: Yo estoy tratando, pero ella no me quiere escuchar. A ella no le preocupa mucho. Ella no quiere hablar del SIDA. Yo no se que hacer.
Z: No deberías desanimarte. Tu deberías mantenerte tratando. Recuerda: Nosotras somos comunicadoras en nuestra comunidad. Y, la información: "Es la única arma que tenemos contra el SIDA.

MY NAME IS L.S.D.

By Mattie Wheeler

I am looking for a friend to rule.
I will make you feel like a fool.
I will take everything you can get.
Do you understand?
I am your boss.
I will make you kill your mother.
What do you have for me?
Give me your money, your car, and your home.
I got you now.
I am dangerous.
I am the baddest.
You can call me hash or L.S.D.
I will make you kill for me.
You is dead.
You don't have anything my love.
You is a fool.
L.S.D. has made a mess out of so many children.
I wish someone would do something about it.
It has killed my best friend and one of my sons-in-law.
If I could, I would do away with all drugs.
Hey, I am back with the name Mr. Cocaine.
I am looking for you boys and girls, old and young.
You think you know it all.
You been everywhere, but you can't see what I am doing to you.
I am going to bring you down to your knees.
You are in my power now.
I am the toughest.
Look at me now.
You want help—too bad.
I got you rocking and rolling your way right into hell.
You don't know how to stop.
You are in my power little man.
You need lots of money to keep me.
You will have to mug and steal for me.
You can't get me off your back.
You have to give me your whole body and soul.
Yes, my friend, you are in pain now, but you stay with me.
I will put you in your grave.
All you want is one more shot.
You don't think you can become addicted to L.S.D.
Just come to me.

You is welcome to stay in the arms of Death.
And you say you don't want to die.
But you always come running back to me.
As sure as God made little green apples you will be in my power.
Miss Heroin get with it.
You need me.
You will give life for me and I will take it.
I am what's happening.
Look at me.
I am your king.
I am all you have.
You don't have a home or a bed to lay your head on.
You are the biggest fool in the world.
I am going to kill you.
You can't leave me alone.
You just keep coming back for more.
You can't go to school.
You won't listen to your mother or father.
You said you want help but you always come running back to me.
You are in my power.
You are dirt.
Look.
I am back with a new bag.
I am gold.
I am your doctor.
I am your life.
You can't live without me.
I can keep you from eating and sleeping.
You don't know where you are going.
You don't know what you are going to do?
Just mess up your life and let the policeman lock you up?
But you have to deal with the police and drugs.
You young people have to take a look at your life
and stop letting the drugs run it.
Let me introduce you to Miss Heroin.
The best.
She has killed stronger men than you.
She is what a fool like you wants in her arms.
Her arms are very cold.
You cannot realize you need her.
What are you grinning for?
You can't leave her alone.
She will make you one of her pushers.
She will promise to do things to your heart and mind.

I wish they could get a place for people on drugs to go to
where they don't have to pay.
Teach children about drugs and what drugs will do to them.
We need to get drugs off the street.
Maybe if more people work with the police it would help.
I am a mother with a son on drugs.
I will do what I can to get drugs off the streets.
I need help in dealing with drugs.
If anyone can hear my plea, help me to deal with my son and his drug.
I don't know what to do.
Where have you been you big fool?
You said you were going to stop.
You can't.
I got you.
Maybe someone can do something about it.
Open a place for our sons and daughters–
we need to do something about how to fight.
Drugs are taking over our children.
We do have to stop drugs.
The police are not helping too much.
They will let your children get in bad trouble before they do anything.

DESPONDENT FEET

By Judy Allen

Hi, hands, how are you doing?
You are always dangling up there, making fun of me,
while I am down here being trodden on every day.
I am being weighed down and stepped on, day-in and day-out.
I tell you, I get no respect.
I take this person wherever she wants to go–
Back and forth, upstairs downstairs
up hills, timidly down basements–
Hop, skip and jumping,
even smooshing annoying insects if necessary–
but I am being taken for granted.
I need a vacation.
Put me up on a tufted silk cushion in bright red.
Soothe me in lukewarm water.
Pad me with gentle pearls from oysters
from the deep sea bed.
Smother me in oils,
Bathe me in creams from never, never lands.
Then finish by polishing me off with the finest nail polish
from Clairol or Avon.
Look, hands, all you do, day-in, day-out is swing around.
Just plain dangle–
Or you could hug the near and dear heart.
How sweet!
You are famous for touching, hugging, writing, playing the
piano–
even being kissed sometimes.
Nothing ever kisses me–
not even a daring toad.
Come on, hands, you get all the honors.
Not me, poor little feet.
I'm just being stomped around,
freezing in cold or sweating in heat.
After all, I am good for a swift kick in the you-know-where.
All I can say is, that's not fair.
But each day I still keep doing my job.
What the heck!
I tell you, I get no respect.

PART III

I AM A WOMAN WHO HAS TUMBLED AND TURNED

YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE IN LOVE, IT EXISTS!!

By Martine Gurton

Sometimes life starts out rough. There were my two sisters, two brothers, mother, father and me. The scenery, small houses and pretty yards should have comforted me as a child. Then there was our house hidden behind the others.

It didn't share their serenity at all. And life there was not so calm. My father, an alcoholic, did not make any effort to give us "La vie en rose."

Often at school, the teacher would let me sleep at the back of the class. In a small town news travels fast. Therefore, my teacher was aware of how on occasion the police would come to our house at night to try to calm down our father, in one of his drunken stupors. If that didn't work, we had to spend the night at our aunt's house.

We had no choice, he had literally thrown us out.

I was six years old and my sister eight when the office of social security intervened deciding that it was safer for us to be living at a boarding school. And so we did. Our mother was prohibited from visiting us for one whole year.

My sister tried to support me as best she could, but it was so hard for her too. We missed the love of our mother. And while nobody woke us up in the middle of the night to throw us out, nobody kissed us at bed time. Denied maternal affection we suffered, uncared for, left cold.

After that year, which felt like ten years, we finally were allowed to see our mother on Sunday afternoons. She had been living with my older brothers. My father, in solitude, had drunk himself to death. I was twelve when I returned home to live with my mother.

When I was twenty, I met Claude. Ha! What a beautiful story that was at the beginning! He was ten years older than me, and partly because of that our life together grew to be unbearable! Possessive and jealous, he was never able to believe in my love. I grew tired of showing it, and tired of swearing it to him. After seven years, which could have been wonderful, and not the perpetual battle which it was, I left Claude without a word of explanation. I had tried and I had lost. So disheartened, I chose not "to love" anymore, not believing.

Then one day he came into my life "an American in Paris." After our first night together, I felt as though I couldn't live without him. We spent three days together in Paris and then he returned to Boston.

I couldn't stop hoping that I would see him again.

As soon as he was back in Boston, he phoned me, and continued to almost daily during our three months of separation. We had to pay a bill of $2,500.00. We decided that I would cross the Atlantic. And that I did. I left everything: my mother, my job, and Paris so familiar to me after so many years.

Today, almost one year since I left Paris, I'm still floating on clouds of love on living in "La vie en rose."

If I have told you about my life, it was only to tell you this: It is entirely up to you whether or not to be happy. Happiness is in your hands. Take the risk to live it. Open your eyes, look around you, love is there. A friend's love, child's love, lover's love, whom you meet just by chance.

Keep yourself open to it!!
Dare to be happy! Love!

RUNAWAY

By Pearl Thompson

My most painful experience is when my daughter ran away. I felt as if I was an empty jar with nothing inside. My body felt so lifeless as if all the blood was drained from my veins.

I tried to eat, but couldn't, tried to sleep, but couldn't. I was like a walking zombie waiting, listening, hoping, and praying that she will walk through the door. For three days and nights was the period of my most awful nightmare. I hope I never have to go through that again.

I hoped it was just a bad moment in life, but it goes on. It started when I moved my daughter to another school. Her grades started to go down and it just got worse. She got kept back for the first time in the same grade. She claimed it's because of the move.

I try to console her but things just get worse. Now she has run off for days, and instead of trying to do better, she does worse each time. It's like living with someone who has two personalities or someone who is taking drugs.

I just wish she would trust me enough to talk to me about her problem. I want to be not just her Mom, but her friend, too.

Parenting is such a hard task. I don't know how today's children can take life so lightly with no respect or gratitude for the life God has granted them. If they could just see the power given them, they would realize how precious they are. They are given the power to choose right or wrong, to be in control of their lives, whether to be famous or to be nothing. They have this choice. Even though our society can create a lot of stumbling blocks in life, if one wants to really make something of themself, God has given them that gift to be in control.

You would think with all the hard struggling their parent has to go through bringing them up, they would be more wise and have more respect for themselves. Instead, they seem to see respect as a big joke or something from the dark ages. But if they knew how much strength one gains from those dark ages or take a moment to notice how strong their mothers are to be able to go through all that hardship, they would wise up and do better. Instead, they think getting high and sleeping around is it until they finally face *reality,* which is sometimes getting pregnant, or worse, hooked on drugs, which for others is too late. So be smart. Be in control. I know you can.

TERRIFIED & MAD

By Pat Derrah

When children are born in this world, their eyes light up in amazement of everything. They are in awe of everything with their hands and their eyes. They touch everything, always putting fingers in mouth and hair. They have a mother and father, a sister and brother, and children see the world as a fairytale and everything looks so nice to them. But it has a way of disappearing in one day.

Children have a hard road to take just with growing up in this world without problems. But when they have to deal with drugs, alcohol, and violence, it makes them off balance.

Bridge Over Troubled Waters helps women and children with their problems like people not being able to communicate with each other so they can live in this world without fighting. Anybody can talk to them at any time. They will help you anytime when you have problems with your family or anybody, and help you to be able to cope with your problems and to help you to survive in the world.

MOTHER'S DAY

By Hilda Morales

When I was little I remember I bought one cup for Mother's Day. My teacher said everybody must save money for Mother's Day. I saved 5 or 10 centavos a day for about a month before. Everybody bought something special for Mother's Day.

When I was a little girl the people had a tradition that when your mother is dead the person has to put one white carnation on the uniform or a red one if she is alive. Sometimes the school prepares a dramatic poem for their mothers.

Nowadays you can buy something very expensive and people think differently about Mother's Day. I think now people don't have time, the world is too complicated and you don't have time for reflection.

MY MOTHER

By Piedad Valdes

My Mother's name was Mercedes. She was 50 years old when she died from a heart attack in my country 15 years ago.
She had 15 children, 5 sons and 10 daughters.
I loved my mother very much and I remember her always.
She was very pretty. In my family I am the last one. I am the youngest. I remember she was special for me. When I played in the street with my friend, she said "Be careful" because my father doesn't like us to play in the street.
She taught me how to go down the road of life straight, to do good things, not bad.
I remember her a lot of times and feel sad.

IN PUERTO RICO: A STORY ABOUT MY MOTHER AND FATHER

By Carmen Medina

When I was about 4 years old I remember my father went to New York. I remember when he came back to P.R., he brought 2 dresses with him, for me and my sister. The yellow dress was for my sister and the green dress was for me. My mother was happy. I remember my mother used to tell us about how she met my father when they were in school. My mother and father married when she was 13 years old and my father was 16 years old. They were married for 38 years. In 1980 my father died and she cried all the time for him. She has worked for 23 years in a school kitchen. She makes lunch for 40 or 50 children. She likes her job. Me and all my family will never forget my father and we love my mother too.

THE PROBLEM WITH VELCRO SNEAKERS

By Blanca Marzan

When I was teaching my two younger children to learn to tie their shoes, I had a hard time with one of them. Carlos was my hard time. He took one month to learn the same thing. Three or four times a day I asked Carlos to tie his shoes, and a few minutes later his laces were untied again. He is a little lazy but I know he tries hard.

I bought two pairs of sneakers for Carlos. One pair was lace sneakers and the other pair was velcro sneakers. All the time he used the velcro sneakers and I asked him why don't you use the other pair. He kept his mouth closed. Two weeks ago I bought a new pair of lace sneakers for him and he used them very well and I didn't have a hard time with him about that. I think he likes these sneakers because his friends wear them.

MOTHERS AS TEACHERS

By Angela Montero

I taught my daughter to eat by herself, when she was a baby. I also taught her how to play, to use the toilet and to find her clothes and put them on.

When my daughter was 5 years old, she told me "Mom I want to go to school." I sent her to private school for several months. Soon we came to live in Boston. Here she went to school.

Now she is 7 years old. Every day I help her do the homework, and to look for something. Sometimes she is lazy and she says, "Mom help me tie my shoe." When I don't have time I say, "I can't." She says, "Yes, you can because you are my mother and all mothers help their children."

Now she likes to go to school and share with me her class. I want my daughter to learn good habits for a better life.

LEARN TO PRAY

By Margarita Henriquez

I have taught my three sons every night before they go to their bed, they should pray to God. The name of the prayer is "Padre Nuestro," "Ave Maria," "Senormio Jesucristo."

Sometimes I stay with them, but when I am busy, I don't stay to pray with them. They pray by themselves. I know they pray by themselves because when I have finished my duties, I go to their room and I ask, "Are you finished praying?" And they say, "yes." So I say, "OK. Good night."

Also I have taught my children to go to church every Sunday, because I think it is important we say thank you to God for the life he has given us. Sometimes I go to sleep late on Saturday night and on Sunday one time I woke up late and my children told me, "Mother we are late to go to church, please hurry up."

I AM A WOMAN

By Judy Allen

I am a woman
who has tumbled and turned
around and around
who has scratched and scraped
with feet still aground
who has taken the giant key
to the doors of life
and searched and opened and closed
with plenty of strife
who almost had her soul ripped away
but nay, no man ain't mighty enough
I say.
I am a woman strong but gentle.
Cross my path–
but be careful.

I REMEMBER

By Agnes Falaise

I remember when my Grammie prepared some coffee, before she gave it to me my sister told me, "Don't drink that coffee. Look at her eyes. They make me sick." And Grammie told me, "Agnes, my daughter, I am asking God something for you – a lot of benedictions. Don't listen to this little mischief maker!"

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

■

Mattie Wheeler is from the "old cotton field down home." Her hometown is called Helena, Arkansas. It is a small Southern town, with kind warm people. She said, "I wrote the poem because I want other mothers to know my pain. I want to share it with them. I am a mother with a son on drugs. I hate drugs. I wish someone would find a way to do away with drugs."

■

Pearl Thompson came to the U.S. in 1968. Her major reasons for coming to the U.S. were to continue her education and to "make a better life for myself." Somehow, she says stoically, "I took a detour to become a mother."

Speaking about her writings, Pearl says: "I wrote my piece because I want other parents who have similar problems to know there are people out there who share common experience, and share the same concern for our children."

■

Blanca Marzan is from Puerto Rico.

■

Margarita Henriquez is from El Salvador.

■

Zona Terrell Johnson is from Chattanooga, Tennessee. She is the mother of four children and four grandchildren. She is a community teaching assistant at the Jackson/Mann Community School. She loves to teach and to write. A contest was held to find the title for the magazine. Zona Johnson's entry, *Need I Say More,* won.

■

About the Artist:

Jean Bazile, the artist whose painting appears on the cover, is an ESL student at the Haitian Multi-Service Center. Bazile was born in Macmel, Haiti, on January 14, 1920. His father died when he was only nine; and his mother, when he was 14. Becoming an orphan at this very early age, nurtured a sensitivity that is easily discernable in the tenderness that comes through the strength of his paintings.

After enlistment in the army in 1942, Jean was married in 1945. He began taking art classes at Centre d'Art in 1952, at the urging of a friend, Dewitt Peter, who had noticed the artistic talent of Jean Bazile. Following retirement from the army, Bazile continued to paint.

Mr. Bazile left Haiti in 1975, and spent three years living in New York and working in a factory. He moved to Boston in 1978, and worked at the Marriott Hotel until 1985. Presently, he attends ESL classes at St. Leo's Haitian Multi-Service Center.

At the encouragement of Carol Chandler, Jean Bazile returned to painting after 15 years. NEED I SAY MORE is most appreciative to Mr. Jean Bazile for his graciousness in rendering this painting for the maiden issue of the magazine.

The original 5" x 7" painting is done in brilliant colors and can be seen in the editorial offices of NEED I SAY MORE, Adult Literacy Resource Institute, 625 Huntington Ave., Boston.

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East Boston Harborside Community School	East Boston
Jackson/Mann Community School	Allston/Brighton
Jamaica Plain Community Schools	Jamaica Plain
Jefferson Park Writing Center	Cambridge
Haitian Multi-Service Center	Dorchester
Mujeres Unidas en Accion	Dorchester
Scale	Somerville

Special thanks are due to artist Jean Bazile of the Haitian Multi-Service Center in Dorchester for executing a special painting for the cover of this issue.

The Editorial Committee must certainly be recognized for its relentlessness in attempting to produce a publication which reflects the objectives of the project.

Very special appreciation is due to the following persons who provided administrative and artistic advice, and were always willing to serve as a sounding board during the difficult period when the project was being transformed from nothing into something:

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Kona Khasu
Project Coordinator

NEED I SAY MORE

A literary magazine of adult student writings

Vol. I No. 2 Summer, 1988

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Greg Leeds
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Barbara Neuman
Angel Pagan
Pearl Thompson
Mattie Wheeler

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PREFACE

The stories, poems and other forms of literature included in this volume follow the general trend of intense personal experiences unselfishly shared by their writers. The enthusiasm of contributors in the first issue can be seen in this volume. This is a good indication that as the magazine grows, it will continue to capture the sincerity and conviction of the authors demonstrated in the first issue. At the same time the perspective is eye-opening, and the treatment of subjects refreshing.

The publication of student writing from the East Boston Harborside Community School is the first step in extending the area being served by *Need I Say More*. However, more geographic extension is not the only new thing about this issue. The subject matter of these stories has been expanded as well; and more authors are included.

The selections on Harriet Tubman were written by students of Sarah Boyer's Basic Skills classes at the United South End Settlements. After reading two selections on the life of Harriet Tubman, they were asked to compile a list of adjectives which best described Harriet Tubman. They were also asked to think of someone in their life, past or present, who had some of the same qualities as Harriet Tubman.

The list included such adjectives as persistent, determined, compassionate, courageous, and persuasive. "I was very pleased many of the students wrote about themselves and how they had determined their own success," said Sarah Boyer. The reader will sense the sincerity, warmth and very personal treatment the authors bring to their writing on Harriet Tubman.

The Editorial Committee has no doubt that you will enjoy reading this issue of *Need I Say More* as much, if not more, than you enjoyed the first issue. As always, the Editorial Committee, comprised of students and teachers in adult literacy programs, would like to have your comments about the magazine. If you know any students or teachers who would like to participate in the Publishing for Literacy Project, please let us know. We are anxious to have greater student participation in the project.

The Editorial Committee

PART I

I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER WILL HAVE SUCH A JOB AGAIN

MY WORK

By Ewa

After I finished my studies in 1980 I looked for a job. I didn't want to work as a factory sociologist because I know that I wouldn't have any satisfaction from this job. In our system a sociologist who is employed in a factory hasn't any real influence. He or she never knows how the results of his/her work will be used. For example, when a sociologist in the Gdansk shipyard made a poll or a survey, all the results were called "secret" and were taken to the Regional Committee of the Communist Party or to the command of the secret police.

But fortunately in autumn 1981, a new independent trade union was founded. The founders of "Solidarity" needed help in organizing their union. So I offered my assistance. In the beginning, I did everything – like everybody. I was a typist, secretary, counselor, printer, and so on. There wasn't any limit to work time. Usually work in our regional bureau of "Solidarity" finished at 10 or 12 o'clock at night. We were very tired, but our efforts gave us a lot of satisfaction. Hundreds of people came to us for advice, for materials, to complain about their troubles. They really trusted us – unknown, inexperienced young people and we all tried to be useful and helpful. That was a very spontaneous movement. In my opinion, it was a peaceful revolution. And I'm happy that I could participate in these events. I got acquainted with many interesting people during these sixteen months. I was witness to many exciting meetings, events such as the 1st Congress of "Solidarity," as preparation to a general national strike. I don't believe I ever will have such a job again.

MY WORK

By Vera

I would like to describe my American job experience as a part-time secretary.

It was a very special field that I had some general imagination about. I could explain it a little using the Russian language. But I dared to take this chance to improve my English.

The very first day, to be honest, the very first hour I understood my mistake. I spoke well: "Good morning. So and so company. Can I help you?" And after this I sank into a deep fog.

I hardly understood what people told me. I couldn't understand their questions and my favorite words were: "Please, speak slowly." "Excuse me, could you repeat that again," etc. I felt that people were shocked and tried to decide how kooky I am.

With every minute the situation became more dramatic and I already wanted to quit this job. And I thought about how this job is easy for another secretary, who knows this business and English is her native language.

And I made a quick conclusion from my bitter experience. I was very polite with the next client. I said I was sorry about his unusual and difficult problem and asked him to call tomorrow when a very top professional secretary works and she will wait on him very well. People were pleased, but I don't think the same about my colleague.

NEW HOPE

By Luz Rivera

New hope for me would be if I got a job with the M.B.T.A. as a Bus Driver. I have so many plans for my future. I plan on buying a house for my kids to live freely in their own house and I want them to have a yard with a big pool and swing and lots of games for them to play. My mother will have her own apartment in my new house.

I would love to have my mother stay with me because she lives in New York, and that's not a good place to live anymore. She is also sick most of the time and I worry a lot about her, that something could happen to her and I live so far and couldn't get to her right away.

This is my dream to own my own house, and for my kids to become someone very important in this world.

PART II

A WOMAN OF GREAT TOLERANCE AND STRENGTH

A DETERMINED LADY

By Betty Drayton

Harriet Tubman was a determined lady. She reminded me of myself. I was raised in a house with a big family, and sometimes there was not enough food on the table for all of us to eat. I had to work on the farm to help my grandmother. I couldn't go to school. I had to quit school in the seventh grade. My husband left me with two kids. I had to feed and clothe my children. Sometimes I had to work sixteen hours per day to make ends meet. I knew it wasn't going to be easy. I was determined to go on raising two children alone. It wasn't easy. Sometimes, at night, I would get down on my knees and pray – I want to be a nurse one day, so I am determined to go on. I will not give up.

TURNING THINGS AROUND

By Gamil Aziz

After attending class at the Harriet Tubman House, I learned many of my experiences were parallel to Harriet Tubman. For instance I was a drop out.

I did not have skills, and the sad thing about this is I didn't know I needed any, until I went to the Army. That's when I came face to face with reality. There and then I made a decision. I had to get my act together. I wanted to be a trombonist, but I couldn't read music. Later, I was sent to Germany. There I went to the Conservatory. There I learned to

read music and play the trombone. I was successful, I played in different bands for eight years.

After my discharge from the Army, I wanted to go into business for myself, without business know-how. I was short of money. I had to work two full-time jobs to earn the money to start the business. After I got my money together, I went in the grocery business. I was minus math skills which are a must in that kind of business. Oh, yes, I was very successful, I had seven people working for me.

I did all of the math myself. I am sure you want to know how I got around business math. In that kind of business I used a percentage card. The rest I figured out in my head. I am self-motivated. If there is anything I want to do, I can do it.

I have determination and perseverance and persistence. My life's experiences are similar to Harriet Tubman's.

I WAS READING AN ARTICLE THE OTHER DAY

By Vera Relerford

I was reading an article on Harriet Tubman and in that article, part of Harriet's life reminds me of me. I am persistent and bold. I had no choice in my past life. I learned in the street how to be persistent and bold. I really had nobody to stand by me. One night I cried. I thought and said, "I do not like my life." I was not getting anywhere. I could not read or write or hold a steady job. I said to myself, "I am going to do better. I am going to try my best. I want to read and write. I would like to hold a job, travel around the world, and have my own apartment. I would like to buy a condominium one day. I would like to better myself." So being persistent and bold has brought me the things I am today.

I am working a steady job now. I've been working this job for seven years, six months. I am going to school to read and write and for my high school diploma. I also travel now. I've been to Atlantic City several times and Canada, Florida and New York City. I am going to continue on traveling. I am also moving to Florida. I will have my own apartment and stay in school until I succeed. I will work until I can't anymore. I am going to buy a condominium in Florida. I feel good about myself.

FOURTEEN AND LIVING ON A FARM

By Eula Mae Young

When I was fourteen years old, I lived on a farm in Missouri. My family was very poor. Some days we did not have food to eat. My mother and father used to cross a lake to go work for white people. My mother would clean house all week for food and clothes so we could have food to eat and clothes for school.

I am the oldest of nineteen children and it was very hard for me. From 1945 to 1952, being the oldest, I could not go to school like I wanted to. My mother and father would tell me that by me being the oldest I would have to stay home some days and take care of my sisters and brothers.
I'd go to school whenever I could. Whatever the white man said that's what my father would do. If he said to keep one or two of your children home so you could work my field today, that's what my father did. He was scared to say no. Back then you did not tell the white man what you were not going to do or it would be the last word you said. We would pick cotton all day, sometimes with nothing but water to drink. But we had to do it or look for some place to move every week.

I lived like that until I was sixteen years old. Then one day I said to myself, "I am tired of this kind of life. I want to be somebody." So I left home when I became seventeen years old, to go stay with my Grandmother. Before I could try and get a job cleaning house, late one night in 1952, my mother and father came to get me from where I was staying.

We left late that night about 12 a.m. We went to Florida. It took us about one week to find somewhere to stay. People did not have a place for you, especially if you had lots of children. So finally my father found a farm where they raised tomatoes. I picked tomatoes until 1954. Then I went to New York. There I left home for good.

By then I was in my early 20's. In New York I picked potatoes until 1957. Then I got lucky and got a job at a hospital as a cook's helper. I worked in the hospital for ten years. Then I went to a nursing home as a nursing aide for fourteen years. Then I decided to go back to school.

At first I was scared. Then I said to myself "I have to be strong for myself and my children." I have come a long way, and I feel good about myself. One thing I know now is you cannot worry about what people will say about you. If you do, you won't get any place in life. I thank God for making me strong for myself and my two children. I have lots of friends but without God in my life, I know I could not make it at all.

I thank Him everyday of my life. I've come too far to turn around now.

YOU CAN MAKE IT

By Fannie Rhodes

I wanted to come back to school and I said I couldn't do it. My girlfriend said, "You've got determination, and you can make it if you try." She said, "Never say you can't do anything until you try, because you can make it . . . It is your goal and you do have determination to make it."

I love it. I'm going to try harder to finish what I've started. I feel very proud of myself. What I was afraid of, I don't have that fear anymore. Well if I put my heart and my mind into it, I can achieve it.

ANOTHER MOSES

By Lafina Wimes

Harriet Tubman was another woman who performed astonishing services for her country. Not knowing how to read or write, she freed the slaves. Uneducated, she went through hell alone. Just her, alone with a loaded pistol. She told the faint-hearted to continue or die. She had no husband. She took the time to escape, by finding back roads and front roads. She had to figure a way to free the slaves. She went through hell rescuing people for two years. She served as a nurse in the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina. She cared for the sick and wounded people regardless what color they were. She was a brave woman. She stood up for the people that were suffering and she also took the beatings. She displayed remarkable courage for her slaves. Harriet was an uneducated woman with the hardest experience, working for the cause of freedom. She earned the name "Moses." Like Moses from the

Bible, she led her enslaved people out of bondage into the promised land. Mrs. Tubman was a living example of an old hymn which was sung by the evening campfires during the Civil War, "Rescue the Perishing, Care for the Dying."

HARRIET TUBMAN — A HERO

By Lorraine Queen

Because she had a need to be free,
A woman called Moses made history.
She crossed the sea of ignorance.
Boldly going forth to make her stance.
Slave after slave she spirited forth,
Hundreds of them from the south she brought north.
Day in and day out found Moses astir.
Danger to herself she would not let daunt her.
To Ohio, New England and Canada they fled,
Carrying a mixture of hope, fear and dread.
Strength and courage she gave to all,
And did her best to answer each call.
The old and the young, they sought her out,
Following Ms. Tubman who had no doubt;
That freedom was for all who followed the trail,
of the hand to hand passage through the underground rail.

THE WOMAN AND HER MEANS

Zona Johnson

Harriet Tubman was a woman of great tolerance and strength. Tolerance to endure and strength to keep going. She was dedicated to the cause of freeing her people. She had suffered and had also seen the pain and suffering of others. She helped over three hundred slaves escape by entering the South on numerous occasions. She was determined to get as many slaves to freedom as possible no matter what the cost. The reason she means so much to me is because of her brains and guts. I think this woman should be given a standing ovation each and every day of the year. I must say if I were in her place I don't think I would have had as much guts as she did. I could picture her right now looking at all the pain and suffering of men, women and children and wondering how much longer we would have to endure this, and would she live to see true freedom or

would her children or grandchildren live to one day see a better life. Well I can tell you if she were here today she would still see the pain and suffering of her people. She would find a different kind of slavery. Now our people are slaves to drugs, rundown shacks , low wages and still injustices. (The same ??? characters that were instilled in some people then still linger today.) She would find that we still can't go anywhere we want to in the United States without worrying about our life or bodily injury. So you see, it hasn't changed that much.

WHO AM I?

By Mattie Wheeler

Who I am?
I am the one that cries in the night.
Who am I?
I am the one who soothes your pain.
I am the one that understands.
Who am I?
I am the one that cleans your nose.
I will be with you come wind or rain.
Who am I?
I am the one that lay awake at night.
I will hold your hand no matter what.
I will be your light.
Who am I?
I am the rainbow in your heart.
I am the one who loves you.
I will comfort you.
I will never let you down.
Who am I?
I am the one who is standing with open arms.
I am the one that sits by your bed when you are in pain.
I will make it better.
I am the one that understands your needs.
I will work beside you.

NEW HOPE

By Luz Rivera

New hope for me would be if I got a job with the M.B.T.A. as a Bus Driver. I have so many plans for my future. I plan on buying a house for my kids to live freely in their own house and I want them to have a yard with a big pool and swing and lots of games for them to play. My mother will have her own apartment in my new house.

I would love to have my mother stay with me because she lives in New York, and that's not a good place to live anymore. She is also sick most of the time and I worry a lot about her, that something could happen to her and I live so far and couldn't get to her right away.

This is my dream to own my own house, and for my kids to become someone very important in this world.

PART II

A WOMAN OF GREAT TOLERANCE AND STRENGTH

A DETERMINED LADY

By Betty Drayton

Harriet Tubman was a determined lady. She reminded me of myself. I was raised in a house with a big family, and sometimes there was not enough food on the table for all of us to eat. I had to work on the farm to help my grandmother. I couldn't go to school. I had to quit school in the seventh grade. My husband left me with two kids. I had to feed and clothe my children. Sometimes I had to work sixteen hours per day to make ends meet. I knew it wasn't going to be easy. I was determined to go on raising two children alone. It wasn't easy. Sometimes, at night, I would get down on my knees and pray – I want to be a nurse one day, so I am determined to go on. I will not give up.

TURNING THINGS AROUND

By Gamil Aziz

After attending class at the Harriet Tubman House, I learned many of my experiences were parallel to Harriet Tubman. For instance I was a drop out.

I did not have skills, and the sad thing about this is I didn't know I needed any, until I went to the Army. That's when I came face to face with reality. There and then I made a decision. I had to get my act together. I wanted to be a trombonist, but I couldn't read music. Later, I was sent to Germany. There I went to the Conservatory. There I learned to

read music and play the trombone. I was successful, I played in different bands for eight years.

After my discharge from the Army, I wanted to go into business for myself, without business know-how. I was short of money. I had to work two full-time jobs to earn the money to start the business. After I got my money together, I went in the grocery business. I was minus math skills which are a must in that kind of business. Oh, yes, I was very successful, I had seven people working for me.

I did all of the math myself. I am sure you want to know how I got around business math. In that kind of business I used a percentage card. The rest I figured out in my head. I am self-motivated. If there is anything I want to do, I can do it.

I have determination and perseverance and persistence. My life's experiences are similar to Harriet Tubman's.

I WAS READING AN ARTICLE THE OTHER DAY

By Vera Relerford

I was reading an article on Harriet Tubman and in that article, part of Harriet's life reminds me of me. I am persistent and bold. I had no choice in my past life. I learned in the street how to be persistent and bold. I really had nobody to stand by me. One night I cried. I thought and said, "I do not like my life." I was not getting anywhere. I could not read or write or hold a steady job. I said to myself, "I am going to do better. I am going to try my best. I want to read and write. I would like to hold a job, travel around the world, and have my own apartment. I would like to buy a condominium one day. I would like to better myself." So being persistent and bold has brought me the things I am today.

I am working a steady job now. I've been working this job for seven years, six months. I am going to school to read and write and for my high school diploma. I also travel now. I've been to Atlantic City several times and Canada, Florida and New York City. I am going to continue on traveling. I am also moving to Florida. I will have my own apartment and stay in school until I succeed. I will work until I can't anymore. I am going to buy a condominium in Florida. I feel good about myself.

FOURTEEN AND LIVING ON A FARM

By Eula Mae Young

When I was fourteen years old, I lived on a farm in Missouri. My family was very poor. Some days we did not have food to eat. My mother and father used to cross a lake to go work for white people. My mother would clean house all week for food and clothes so we could have food to eat and clothes for school.

I am the oldest of nineteen children and it was very hard for me. From 1945 to 1952, being the oldest, I could not go to school like I wanted to. My mother and father would tell me that by me being the oldest I would have to stay home some days and take care of my sisters and brothers.
I'd go to school whenever I could. Whatever the white man said that's what my father would do. If he said to keep one or two of your children home so you could work my field today, that's what my father did. He was scared to say no. Back then you did not tell the white man what you were not going to do or it would be the last word you said. We would pick cotton all day, sometimes with nothing but water to drink. But we had to do it or look for some place to move every week.

I lived like that until I was sixteen years old. Then one day I said to myself, "I am tired of this kind of life. I want to be somebody." So I left home when I became seventeen years old, to go stay with my Grandmother. Before I could try and get a job cleaning house, late one night in 1952, my mother and father came to get me from where I was staying.

We left late that night about 12 a.m. We went to Florida. It took us about one week to find somewhere to stay. People did not have a place for you, especially if you had lots of children. So finally my father found a farm where they raised tomatoes. I picked tomatoes until 1954. Then I went to New York. There I left home for good.

By then I was in my early 20's. In New York I picked potatoes until 1957. Then I got lucky and got a job at a hospital as a cook's helper. I worked in the hospital for ten years. Then I went to a nursing home as a nursing aide for fourteen years. Then I decided to go back to school.

At first I was scared. Then I said to myself "I have to be strong for myself and my children." I have come a long way, and I feel good about myself. One thing I know now is you cannot worry about what people will say about you. If you do, you won't get any place in life. I thank God for making me strong for myself and my two children. I have lots of friends but without God in my life, I know I could not make it at all.

I thank Him everyday of my life. I've come too far to turn around now.

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CAMBODIA AFTER THE FIGHTING

By Yin So

When I see this picture, it reminds me of my country after fighting. When the war was coming I was always upset. If they were fighting at night I always saw fire on the ground and some of the fire flying from the barrel. When they were fighting, I couldn't hear anything besides the sound of weapons. When the fighting was gone there were some weapons left and bodies on the field and some of the family was separated and some were killed by the weapons. I was very, very afraid.

That's why I escaped from my country to Thailand. But I couldn't go to Thailand, just to the border of Thailand and Cambodia. When I was at the border there were a lot of soldiers and Khmer Rouge too. That is to make me die young because it was very dangerous at the border. The soldiers and the Khmer Rouge were always fighting each other. I was there a few weeks.

I saw the flag of the Red Cross they stuck on the side of a bus. Some Americans made an announcement to the people who were on the border to come live in a refugee camp. "Please come!" When I heard this announcement, I was very excited so I prepared my backpack and ran to the bus. The refugee camp was in Thailand not so far from the border, about four miles.

When I was in the refugee camp, I wrote a letter to the ambassador and told him I want to live in the United States. Almost five years later, the Immigration agreed to take my family to live in the U.S.

I am very happy about my life safe from the war and fighting. So I thank you for immigration to the U.S.

BEFORE 1975

By Bao Nguyen

Before 1975 Vietnam was not a bad country. People made enough money to spend in their lives. But after 1975, North and South Vietnam were reunited. So the economy has been poor. Also, the country's relations with China became hostile. So the Vietnamese government began to expel people who were ethnic Chinese. They expelled my family and me.

Many ethnic Chinese had a lot of property that they were forced to leave behind. People were wretched. The suffering will be remembered forever by us. The people who didn't have money were more miserable because they had to go back to China. People did not want to go back to China because they knew the life there was harder than in Vietnam.

People who had enough money bought boats and then went to Hong Kong with their families as refugees. The people who didn't want to go anywhere were permitted to be driven to the border. The driver left them there and they walked to China.

That year all my family bought boats except my mother, sister, husband and I went to Saigon. We lived there for about four years; later we went back north and bought a boat. My mother, sister, husband and I with two children, went on that boat to Hong Kong. We were on the boat for four months and ten days.

While we were on the China Sea we didn't have enough food for the trip to Hong Kong. So we went to China to beg food from the Chinese people. Also we saw some people dead while in the sea because they had no food and were cold. All these people in different boats. We saw some boats sink in the sea. Many people drowned in the China Sea.

It was very dangerous for us to come over the sea. I hope it won't happen again.

LIFE IN VIETNAM BEFORE 1975 AND NOW

By Bao Nguyen

Before 1975, Vietnam was a pretty country and lovely. People were happy and the life was easy. After 1975 the Communist Liberation troops came to Saigon. The city changed poorly. Many people were sad and killed themselves. Also many people left their houses to go to other countries while some people escaped into the ocean. Some people were caught by the police and some people were missing. Also, many women were raped by pirates. People have never forgotten these bitter things in their lives. The suffering will be remembered forever by the people. Life is very difficult for people who went to other countries.

Now people who live in the U.S. and other countries also miss their families and relatives who are still in communist hands.

The communists have almost no food to sell the people. The laws of the communists are very hard. They hold everything in their hands, people depend on them for everything. If people don't follow them, they will put them in prison. They want to control people like animals. Many people are upset about it but, they don't have enough power to protest the communists. The people hope the government of Vietnam will change in the future so we can go home and build the pretty country again.

WHERE ARE YOU?

By Max Caze

Haitian people everywhere in the world, the last train of luck is going to leave. Patriot passengers get up, don't miss it. Our country is next to a deep fall. Stand up and cry very loud, "Liberty or the death." It's time to work together and give a new face to our dear country. Haiti is ours. We must help her. We have to fight very hard to take over our beautiful place. Let's sing in unison, "There's no mother, there's no father, we aren't afraid of death." Don't say, "I stay awake thinking about Haiti's troubles and I don't do anything." Haiti is the concern of Haitian people. Everyone must bring his help. You've already known that. With a speech, we will change any bad situations. We will put upside down any wrong governments. Therefore, fight. Fight with your flesh, with your teeth, with your head, with your heart, with your brain to rid Haiti of murder.

MY FIRST TRIP BY BOAT

By Marie Agnes Falaise

I left Haiti on November 8th, 1984. My first trip was as a person who had no family, so if you were dead it did not matter. I was afraid because it was the first time I traveled by boat. I didn't know what I was going to do. Finally, I prayed to God and I got my courage.

All the people on the boat were singing, sometimes the voudou songs, sometimes the church songs. I remember I was singing my favorite song "Between Our Hands God I Give You My Life."

I arrived in Miami on November 11th, 1984. I was afraid nobody would understand how I felt. Miraculously, I met a friend from Haiti. She had been living in Miami for a few years already and had just happened to be at the pier when the boat arrived. When she saw me, she was crying, and she made me feel like I was going to faint. Marie, my old friend, took me in her arms like a baby and started to scream. She prayed, "God, tell me why you sent me here?" And she answered her prayer, "Just to meet Agnes, I do believe. It's incredible." Marie touched me in a deep way. She said, "Agnes, my sister, what's wrong in your house? I know you must have had good reason for coming to America." But she did not wait for an answer. She knew. "Seeing you makes me crazy," she said. I didn't know what that word, crazy, meant. I just listened to her.

After that, when I arrived at her house, she offered me a bath. She gave me a dress, sandals, food and a private room. I couldn't sleep, but I tried to be quiet. Eight days later she helped me find a job where she worked. I spent two years at that job with her, and we never had any trouble.

I think of her and my first boat trip often. Sometimes she sends me letters. I feel glad because I see that she doesn't forget me. She taught me the closeness of friendship and being sisters.

HAITI

By Marie Ketly Rene, Max Caze and Josette Georges

High mountains
When I think Haiti,
Ohhh!
My family,
Now I think about my daughter
Sick in the hospital.
Ohhh!
Green landscape.
I like to go back.
I'd like to see
Less poor people,
Justice and liberty.
I want brother to like brother.
Yea, yes
I want
To go.
But when I arrive
What will I do?

PART V

OH, CHILDHOOD

MY SISTER AND I ARE VERY DIFFERENT

By Teresa Tanona

My sister and I are very different. I'm a typist, she's a teacher. I live in Dorchester, she lives in South Boston. I have a small apartment in the city, she has a large house in the suburbs. I'm single, she's married. I like to read drama and history. She likes to read romantic books. I like to go to the cinema, theatre, and concerts. She watches T.V. I play the piano, she plays the guitar. I have blue eyes and blonde hair. I'm short and thin. She has brown eyes, black hair and she's tall and thin. She likes to work in the home, clean, cook and bake. I don't like work in home. We love ourselves.

AT HOME

By Rosa

I talk to my kids about school. I ask, "Como se portaron?" They say, "Very good." I continue to ask about the food and the homework. They speak to me in English.

I say I am sorry, "Yo No entendo nada; por favor hablame en Espanol." The older boy says, "Ok, Ok, you study English you are supposed to understand." They repeat again to me slowly and more clearly. "Yo les digo. Muschas gracias."

They are 4, 6, and 10 years old.

OH, CHILDHOOD

By Margarita

"Oh Childhood! Beautiful time of life!" I want to be a child again. In infancy they don't have problems. Childhood is like a candy that has given us life. Nice time when the children are going to school. When the children are going to school, it is like a glass of water they are drinking of life during this time. They start to learn; to know about life; but they never think about the problems that people have.

Later when infancy says "good bye," they change to youngsters. It is when the glass of water is half of life. Even though they know about the little problems of life, they aren't worry about this kind of thing. They are living a happy life. In other words, they are having a good time.

CHILD DEVELOPMENT

By Rachel Nunez

My daughter and I do everything together. Everything we do together helps her grow and develop wisely. I think a child's development is very important because you have to show her everything while she is growing and she learns everything from you. She learns how to wave bye-bye by watching your hands, she learns how to talk, sing, play, crawl, stand, walk, and eat.

Through her first months, 1 to 3, even though she doesn't do much but look and listen, it's good to show them new things to help develop their senses. Through her 4th to 7th months, she learned what different things are; she played with things; she had more balance; she sat and ate. When she was in her 8th month through 1st year stage was when she really developed. She started to stand and talk and then she walked. When children start walking is the worst time because they get into everything. They love it because they're experiencing new things by touching and feeling. By the time they're 1 year old, they can eat just about everything. My baby likes everything that's good because in the future she won't have any eating problems. Everything she eats helps her body to grow stronger and bigger. Milk is, of course, the best thing for babies.

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I left Haiti on November 8th, 1984. My first trip was as a person who had no family, so if you were dead it did not matter. I was afraid because it was the first time I traveled by boat. I didn't know what I was going to do. Finally, I prayed to God and I got my courage.

All the people on the boat were singing, sometimes the voudou songs, sometimes the church songs. I remember I was singing my favorite song "Between Our Hands God I Give You My Life."

I arrived in Miami on November 11th, 1984. I was afraid nobody would understand how I felt. Miraculously, I met a friend from Haiti. She had been living in Miami for a few years already and had just happened to be at the pier when the boat arrived. When she saw me, she was crying, and she made me feel like I was going to faint. Marie, my old friend, took me in her arms like a baby and started to scream. She prayed, "God, tell me why you sent me here?" And she answered her prayer, "Just to meet Agnes, I do believe. It's incredible." Marie touched me in a deep way. She said, "Agnes, my sister, what's wrong in your house? I know you must have had good reason for coming to America." But she did not wait for an answer. She knew. "Seeing you makes me crazy," she said. I didn't know what that word, crazy, meant. I just listened to her.

After that, when I arrived at her house, she offered me a bath. She gave me a dress, sandals, food and a private room. I couldn't sleep, but I tried to be quiet. Eight days later she helped me find a job where she worked. I spent two years at that job with her, and we never had any trouble.

I think of her and my first boat trip often. Sometimes she sends me letters. I feel glad because I see that she doesn't forget me. She taught me the closeness of friendship and being sisters.

HAITI

By Marie Ketly Rene, Max Caze and Josette Georges

High mountains
When I think Haiti,
Ohhh!
My family,
Now I think about my daughter
Sick in the hospital.
Ohhh!
Green landscape.
I like to go back.
I'd like to see
Less poor people,
Justice and liberty.
I want brother to like brother.
Yea, yes
I want
To go.
But when I arrive
What will I do?

PART V

OH, CHILDHOOD

MY SISTER AND I ARE VERY DIFFERENT

By Teresa Tanona

My sister and I are very different. I'm a typist, she's a teacher. I live in Dorchester, she lives in South Boston. I have a small apartment in the city, she has a large house in the suburbs. I'm single, she's married. I like to read drama and history. She likes to read romantic books. I like to go to the cinema, theatre, and concerts. She watches T.V. I play the piano, she plays the guitar. I have blue eyes and blonde hair. I'm short and thin. She has brown eyes, black hair and she's tall and thin. She likes to work in the home, clean, cook and bake. I don't like work in home. We love ourselves.

AT HOME

By Rosa

I talk to my kids about school. I ask, "Como se portaron?" They say, "Very good." I continue to ask about the food and the homework. They speak to me in English.

I say I am sorry, "Yo No entendo nada; por favor hablame en Espanol." The older boy says, "Ok, Ok, you study English you are supposed to understand." They repeat again to me slowly and more clearly. "Yo les digo. Muschas gracias."

They are 4, 6, and 10 years old.

OH, CHILDHOOD

By Margarita

"Oh Childhood! Beautiful time of life!" I want to be a child again. In infancy they don't have problems. Childhood is like a candy that has given us life. Nice time when the children are going to school. When the children are going to school, it is like a glass of water they are drinking of life during this time. They start to learn; to know about life; but they never think about the problems that people have.

Later when infancy says "good bye," they change to youngsters. It is when the glass of water is half of life. Even though they know about the little problems of life, they aren't worry about this kind of thing. They are living a happy life. In other words, they are having a good time.

CHILD DEVELOPMENT

By Rachel Nunez

My daughter and I do everything together. Everything we do together helps her grow and develop wisely. I think a child's development is very important because you have to show her everything while she is growing and she learns everything from you. She learns how to wave bye-bye by watching your hands, she learns how to talk, sing, play, crawl, stand, walk, and eat.

Through her first months, 1 to 3, even though she doesn't do much but look and listen, it's good to show them new things to help develop their senses. Through her 4th to 7th months, she learned what different things are; she played with things; she had more balance; she sat and ate. When she was in her 8th month through 1st year stage was when she really developed. She started to stand and talk and then she walked. When children start walking is the worst time because they get into everything. They love it because they're experiencing new things by touching and feeling. By the time they're 1 year old, they can eat just about everything. My baby likes everything that's good because in the future she won't have any eating problems. Everything she eats helps her body to grow stronger and bigger. Milk is, of course, the best thing for babies.

When they start to talk it is funny because they try to copy everything you say and do, so you have to be careful of what you say because they might say something you don't want them to say. Children are very special to have and teach. You grow up with them and you know exactly how they are.

When you are raising a child, they learn to trust and respect you. That makes a good, close relationship between the child and the adult. That is very important to me because that's what I want most to be able to talk to her and her talk to me without being afraid of anything.

ABOUT NATALY RUBIO

By Gloria Rubio

I wanted to say something about my wonderful little girl. Her name is Nataly, she is 2½ years old. She is a very nice girl, she is very sweet, she smiles a lot.

Two weeks ago I started to teach her how to use the toilet. The first day when I started to teach Nataly about toilet training, I told her, "Nataly, it is time to leave your Pampers because you aren't supposed to use Pampers anymore. You are a big girl now." So I explained to her, when babies are bigger they don't need to use Pampers anymore. She hasn't used Pampers since that first day.

She is a very nice girl. She tells me every 10 or 15 minutes, "Mamy, I want to make peepee," and she goes to the bathroom and uses it very well. That same day in the night I tried to put the Pampers on Nataly for the night, but she didn't want them. She told me, "Mamy, I don't want to use Pampers. I don't like Pampers." Before she went to sleep she went to the bathroom and she told me, "OK Mamy, I'm all ready to go to bed," and she slept without Pampers. She didn't have any more accidents in the bed. Sometimes when I stay outside of my house with her, she tells me when she needs to go to the bathroom.

From the first day of training to today Nataly is doing everything well and she likes using the toilet. I'm happy with her.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

■

Gamil Aziz, Joe Brown, Betty Drayton, Derek Moore, Vera Relerford, Fannie Rhodes, Lafina Wimes, Eula Mae Young are students from the basic skills program at the United South End Settlements. The students range from beginning level readers to seventh or eight level readers.

■

Lorraine Queen, whose poem "Harriet Tubman, A Hero" appears in this issue, is a student at the United South End Settlements taking preparatory courses for her high school equivalency diploma.

■

Ewa and Vera are ESL students at the adult literacy program of the Hebrew College in Brookline.

■

Gitta, writer of "I Am Gitta," was born in Iran. She came to the U.S. about two years ago. Presently, she is enrolled in the ESL program at the Hebrew College in Brookline.

■

Yrose Prophete heads the Haitian ESL Program at Jefferson Park Writing Center, Cambridge. Max Caze, Marie Ketly Rene, and Agnes Falaise are enrolled in Yrose Prophete's classes at the Jefferson Park Writing Center.

■

Hisae attends adult literacy classes at Scale, in Somerville.

■

Margaret Beverly, Loretta Boyd, Emilie Lahoud, Charles Martin, Margarita, Rachel Nunez, Luz Rivera, Rosa Rebecca Taylor, Pearl Thompson, and Mattie Wheeler are students of adult literacy classes at the Jamaica Plains Community School. Both Pearl Thompson and Mattie Wheeler contributed to the first issue of *Need I Say More*.

■

Zona Johnson, a prolific writer, is a community teaching assistant at the Jackson/Mann Community School. Zona served as Chairperson of the Editorial Committee during the first year of this project.

■

Gloria Rubio is enrolled in the ESL program at the Cardinal Cushing Center, in the South End area of Boston.

■

Nguu Ho is an ethnic Chinese/Vietnamese refugee. Ho came to the U.S. seven years ago. A father of five children, he has one son at Harvard University, and another at Northeastern University. Nguu Ho is a bilingual aide at East Boston Harborside Community School. He also attends the ABE class at East Boston/Harborside.

■

Bao Nguyen is also an ethnic Chinese/Vietnamese refugee. She has four daughters. Bao studies at the Wilfred Beauty Academy, and attends ESL classes two nights a week at Bunker Hill Community College.

■

Yin So is a Cambodian refugee. He has been in the U.S. for two years. He spent seven years in a refugee camp before coming to the U.S. Yin So has two young children.

■

About the Artist:

Jean Bazile, the artist whose painting appears on the cover, is an ESL student at the Haitian Multi-Service Center. Bazile was born in Macmel, Haiti, on January 14, 1920. His father died when he was only nine; and his mother, when he was 14. Becoming an orphan at this very early age, nurtured a sensitivity that is easily discernable in the tenderness that comes through the strength of his paintings.

Mr. Bazile left Haiti in 1975, and spent three years living in New York and working in a factory. He moved to Boston in 1978, and worked at the Marriott Hotel until 1985. Presently, he attends ESL classes at St. Leo's Multi-Service Center.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Advisory and Editorial Committees join me in extending thanks and appreciation to Barbara Neumann for the excellent contributions she made to the conceptualization and implementation of the Publishing for Literacy Project. Barbara, very ably assisted by James Diego McCullough, not only researched and wrote the proposal for funding; but also worked tirelessly on the Advisory and Editorial Committees to lend invaluable support for the Project. During this period I came to depend on Barbara, and to know that her commitment to the success of the project was extraordinary. Without Barbara's vision, experience and commitment, this project might not have developed.

Barbara's project on Critical Thinking at the Adult Literacy Resource Center ended on June 30, 1988. Presently, she has taken up a new assignment with the Jefferson Park Writing Center in Cambridge. The Project will surely miss Barbara's expertise and daily counsel. Fortunately, she has agreed to remain on the Advisory Committee, and consult for the Project whenever her expertise is needed.

The Editorial Committee will greatly miss the dedication and expertise of Loren McGrail, who is certainly one of the very strong pillars of the Committee. Loren shared her expertise in community-oriented program development; and spend many long hours working on the magazine. Her numerous contributions enriched the project. Even though Loren has moved out of Boston, she has expressed a desire to continue working with the project.

We wish Barbara Neumann and Loren McGrail much success in all their future undertakings.

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Cape Verdean Community House, Inc.	Roxbury
Cardinal Cushing Center	South End
East Boston Harborside Community School	East Boston
ESL Program Hebrew College	Brookline
Jackson/Mann Community School	East Boston
Jamaica Plain Community Schools	Jamaica Plain
Jefferson Park Writing Center	Cambridge
Haitian Multi-Service Center	Dorchester
Mujeres Unidas en Accion	Dorchester
Scale	Somerville
United South End Settlements	South End

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Kona Khasu
Project Coordinator

NEED I SAY MORE NEEDS YOU!

Need I Say More is seeking adult literacy student writings for publication in its next issue. Anyone presently enrolled in an adult literacy program in Boston/Brookline is eligible to participate. All types of writings are considered for publication in the magazine. In addition, we need student art works for publication. Please include a few sentences about yourself. It helps our readers understand your writing or art work better when they know a few things about the person who wrote the piece, or the artist who created the work.

Please fill out the form below and mail it along with your writing.

Your Name _____

Program/Organisation _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone ( ) _____

Brief Information About Yourself

Address all correspondence to the Project Coordinator, Publishing for Literacy, Adult Literacy Resource Institute, 241 St. Botolph St., Boston, MA 02115